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EXECUTIVE 2113

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JUNIOR JUNKMEN OF AMERICA **

The school kids of the land are being turned loose on a nationwide scale, beginning October 5, to apply their collective energies toward the gathering of scrap metals, rubber and such-like materials needed in winning the war. It seems like a grand idea, and one which radio is being called upon to help along. The whole campaign has been organized via a team-up between the War Production Board and the U. S. Office of Education, and will be launched, as we understand it, in individual towns through local schools.

It's all quite militarized. The school principals will be "majors." Frankly, we think that after a guy has worked like mad all his life to be a school principal, he should rank better than a major. The local superintendent of schools, if he works it right, can be a "general." Teachers are plain two-bar "captains." Running down the line, the youngsters rank as "lieutenants", "sergeants", "corporals" and - for the smaller smallfry - "privates". This whole coterie is called the Junior Salvage Army. Your local community will be criss-crossed off into sectors and then the kids start to work, ringing door-bells, searching vacant lots, bringing out the scrap to neighborhood collection depots.

There's no doubt that your juvenile listeners will take all this in a spirit of somber gravity. In fact they can probably give the adult cards and spades when it comes to digging up the old brass bedsteads, iron muffin pans and wilted rubber boots. The point we're coming to, however, is that radio would do well to provide the whole drive with a helping hand, to line up a few special shows, spotlight the children who bring in the most bacon (they get promotions in the Junior Army on this basis, incidentally), and urge grown-ups to co-operate.

We mention the grown-ups because it seems smart to wise them up about the existence of this campaign. Then when little Willie from down the block comes around and starts to drag the oil heater out of the basement or pull off the copper gutter pipes, they'll know what he's doing it for. Kids can be awful earnest about things like this. Our only worry is that maybe the campaign will hit its peak at a date suspiciously close to Hallowe'en.

If you'd like more details on the Junior Salvage Army, drop a line to the Conservation Division of the War Production Board and ask them for a copy of "Get in the Scrap", which has an American flag on its cover and a lot of interesting information inside.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO **

Speaking of salvage, we have on hand a suggestion from the WPB which suggests that radio stations would be doing good work if they made it a point to get in touch with their local salvage committees. After exchanging pleasantries, they should then ask if a house-to-house canvass in quest of scrap is planned. If so, when.

This serves a double purpose. First it lets the stations find out what they can do to push the drive. Secondly, such an inquiry coming out of the blue from the local broadcasting industry may well force the salvage committee to action. And this, friends, is the time for action.

Incidentally, we hear that red, white and blue Salvage Depot banners are now fluttering in many places across the country. This is more important than it seems at first reading. You'll recall that one of the biggest hindrances to the nationwide salvage drive has been the fact that folks - after piling up all their scrap in the middle of the front lawn - suddenly discover that they don't know where to take it. These colorful banners are used to indicate the dumping points at which salvage may be left. If you haven't seen any of them in your town, maybe you better ask the local salvage committee about that, too. This war has no place for drowsy lunkheads.

QUOTH MR. CALLAHAN **

We have a comment for you. Rather a nice one, too. Except it has a twist on the end that may not be so pleasant. It may even mean that some of our brothers in broadcasting aren't running on all the patriotic cylinders they should.

Vince Callahan, whom you'll recognize as Director of Radio and Press for the Treasury's War Savings Staff, says: "Radio Bond sales by stations that have reported to date are more than satisfactory. As of September 12, returns had been received from 148 stations. These stations reported a total of \$2,441,530.37 - or an average of roughly \$160,000 per station reporting during the month and a half that the plan has been in operation."

That's pretty good, we think, so far as it goes. But it could go a whole lot further. "You will note," adds Mr. Callahan, "that only 148 stations have thus far reported on their sales - and more than 750 stations agreed to sell Bonds. It is very important that all stations report their sales to us, so that the radio industry can receive full credit for the job it is doing. Remember, we will not release individual sales figures - and thanks again, as always, for your wonderful co-operation."

It seems a wee bit queer to us that only 148 stations have reported back. Granted, there must be a lot more that are doing swell work in their Bond-boosting. Maybe 148, more, many of which expect to send in their scores shortly. But it still looks, by the well-known law of averages, that the Treasury isn't getting full-throttle help from all of those 750 stations. And, bud, if that's the case - broadcasting as an industry has reason to hang its head.

On the other hand, maybe it's because you have been waiting for the Treasury to send you a report form. Well, my friend, they did about two weeks ago in the form of a post card. And - knowing broadcasters as we do, and the number of requests they get to report this, that and the other thing - MAYBE the Treasury's post card unconsciously found its way into the waste basket. If you cannot find it, or if nobody knows anything about it you had better invest a penny and buy one of your own and send it to the Treasury and let them know what you have accomplished so far.

We're not talking, mind you, about the amount of Bonds sold. It's just the fact that, as is frequently the sad case, some people are doing all the rowing and the rest seem to be going along for a boat ride. Besides, if no other

inducement will build a fire under you, we have a hunch that when this war's over it'll look pretty nice on your public service record to point out how you sold War Bonds like mad. Kind of justifies your existence, if you know what we mean.

PEOPLE CAN BE WRONGER THAN ANYBODY **

In all the helter and skelter about fuel conservation and steeling yourself against the onslaught of winter with storm windows and weather stripping there have been raised - as usual - certain voices of confusion. They pooh-pooh, they quibble, they prophesy. And with no more substance to their rantings than the stuff that clouds are made of.

Fuel conservation means just that. Fuel includes everything from oil and coal to coke, electricity and gas. It's all a source of energy and all should be used sparingly. The appearance of advertisements in certain newspapers announcing that no local shortage of coal exists in no way makes a liar of radio stations which urge their listeners to conserve fuel.

The pinch, as you know, comes in transportation - getting the various kinds of fuel from their sources to the consumer. The fact that a local coal company has an eighty-foot stack of anthracite in its yards is no excuse for egging on the public to burn all that it wants. Helps the coal company, maybe. But not America. Sooner than later, that coal heap will be gone. Then it must be replenished - which means a further load on the nation's railroads and trucks. Furthermore, the increased output of war factories demands more fuel. So the transportation services have to work twice as hard. Every unnecessary car of coal means some other car of vital war freight must wait on a siding.

Doesn't make much sense, does it? And yet here are a few coal companies yelling down the government's fuel conservation drive so as to upholster their own pocketbooks at the expense of the nation's war effort.

The American people are being asked to save all kinds of fuel. This campaign has the united backing of a lot of dependable people who know precisely what they're talking about. The roll call includes the Office of the Petroleum Coordinator, the War Production Board, Office of Price Administration, Bituminous Coal Consumers' Counsel, Office of Solid Fuels Coordinator, and our old friends, the Office of War Information.

If anybody comes smirking into your reception room and says that since you can get certain types of fuel in abundance you don't have to conserve it - let us know. There's folks in Washington as would like to hear about it.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION **

If you like dates, as some people do, and can use them for backgrounds of special programs or tributes or something like that - by the way, we're talking about calendar dates - here's a couple that may come in handy.

The 10th of October is the anniversary of the Chinese Revolution. Normally, you could say "So what?" and put us down as eccentrically academic for bringing up the matter. But that, alas, has been the trouble with us sons of Columbia-the-gem-of-the-ocean. We've set off a lot of firecrackers on our own Fourth

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of July and listened to lofty speeches about the freedom of all mankind. But six out of six men on the street don't even know that China had to fight for the liberation that marked her rise as a world power. China today is fighting again, and a good slice of it is our fight. Certainly enough so that the American radio public should have a nodding acquaintance with China's history as a democracy.

October 16 is another date. It marks the second anniversary of the draft and the virtual beginning of our efforts to arm against an enemy that some ostensibly intelligent people told us would never molest America. Ha! (Plenty of coal this winter, folks. Stop right up and burn all you want....)

BROADCASTERS VICTORY COUNCIL

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